

ZOA-PRORA

Is the best remedy for all complaints peculiar to women.

A MEDICAL BOOK worth DOLLARS, sent for 10 cents in United Envelopes.

61 Per Bottle at Druggists. 50c. Trial Size sent by mail.

Letters for advice marked "Consulting Department" are seen by our physicians only.

ZOA-PRORA MEDICINE CO., H. G. Colman, Sec'y, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sustain Home Industry

— BY —

Calling for Rock Island Brewing Co., Beer.

The Best Beer Made, On Tap everywhere.

TRY IT.

The Rock Island Brewing Company, successors to George Wagner's Atlantic Brewery, I. Huber's City Brewery and Raible & Stengel's Rock Island Brewery, as well as Julius Junge's Bottling Works, has one of the most complete Brewing establishments including Bottling department in the country. The product is the very best. Beer is bottled at the brewery and delivered to any part of the tri-cities, and may be ordered direct from the head offices on Moline avenue by Telephone.

BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains nothing but pure, natural, and perfectly refined ingredients. It stimulates the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating conditions, by the use of Skookum when used. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If you cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, 50c per bottle; 6 for \$2.50. 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.,
27 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE STATE LAW.

Rock Island Savings Bank,

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock.

Five per cent interest paid on Deposits. Money loaned on Personal collateral or Real Estate security.

OFFICERS: F. L. MITCHELL, Pres't. F. C. DENEMANN, Vice Pres't. J. M. BURNETT, Cashier

DIRECTORS: F. L. Mitchell, F. C. Denemann, John C. Campbell, Phil Mitchell, H. P. Hall, L. Simon, E. W. Hunt, J. R. Bickford, John York, JACKSON & HUNTER, Solicitors.

Began business July 2, 1890, and occupy the southeast corner of Mitchell & Lynde's new building.

JOHN GIPSON,

THE FIRST-CLASS

HORSE SHOER.

At 324 Seventeenth Street.

Opposite the Old stand.

Rock Island Brass Foundry

AND ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORK.

All kinds of brass, bronze and aluminum bearing casting, all shades and tenons. Also a specialty of ornate metal patterns and artistic work.

NEW AND OFFICE—At 1211 First Avenue, West Ferry Landing.

J. MAGR, Proprietor.

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

SHE GOT THE SACK.

HOW BIRDIE LANCASTER WAS SAVED FROM THE WABASH.

After Weighing the Matter She Concluded There Is but One Thing to Do and Almost Takes the Fatal Plunge.

(Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.)

She gained the bank of the river at last and stood for a moment gazing across the majestically moving current at the forest on the other shore. Her face was very pale, and there was a look of wildness in her eyes, but her firmly compressed lips proved that she had fully and firmly made up her mind to the desperate act.

Yes, Birdie Lancaster had decided to commit suicide by casting her fair form into the Wabash river. She had not rushed things. She had taken a full hour to think the matter over, and she had weighed all the pros and cons. There was a bushel of pros to a peck of cons, and when she finally came to realize the fact she left her father's house to find a watery grave.

"Mother will be almost heartbroken," she mused as she removed her fall hat and hung it on a hickory limb, "but my resolu-



"HOW SHE WILL MISS ME!"

tion is taken. If I had a thousand mothers to break their hearts, I would not draw back now! I wish I had brought along a glass to see how my hair looked."

Two minutes galloped into the past. Then she removed her gloves and said: "Poor, dear Sister Emma, but how she will miss me! It is hard to part from those you love, and yet I will stick to what I said. I suppose it would be more right to be found drowned with lavender kids on, but it will be all the same up there. Angels do not wear kids of any color."

Two more large, full weight minutes slipped into the past, never to be heard of again, and Birdie whispered: "I think I will leave this clock behind me as well. I am a much better figure without it, and perhaps mamma can cut it over for Emma. I am now ready to take the fatal plunge. I wish I had my powder rag here, but I must not be too particular about my looks. Poor mamma and Emma! As to father, he will probably be real glad of it, as it will save—"

It was the voice of her father, and she turned just as he burst through the bushes. "Well," she laughingly queried. "Birdie, what would you do?" "Drown myself, sir! Two hours ago I told you I must have a sealskin sack, with a storm collar, if I kept up with the process of this winter. You refused to buy it; therefore I die!"

"Birdie, can't you possibly get along without it?"

"I cannot. Every girl in my set is going to have one, and I must either follow suit or lose the standing I enjoy. It is a sack or death!"

"Do you really mean it?"

"Come and get the cold cash!" "Oh, you dear, sweet, lovely, darling old soul! Let me kiss you a thousand times! How kind and noble and generous in you to do this! It is to be a 50 inch sack, with a very high collar, and regular seal, and lined with brown satin and—oh, papa, you have made your Birdie so happy that she can hardly speak to you!"

And the majestic current rolled on and on. And the tall cypresses on the banks of the Wabash bowed their heads and smiled. And the great vultures flying low croaked their disappointment. And Birdie Lancaster was happy—oh, so happy!

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Postmaster Who Ought to Be Run Of the Earth.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?—It is no secret that the editor, publisher and proprietor of THE KICKER, who also conducts a grocery, meat market, feedstore, gunshop and boot and shoe store under the same roof, and who is mayor of this town and state senator from this district and recognized leader of the 400 in the community, has had a longing to be postmaster. An eastern editor who got his picture in a spelling book may die satisfied, but a different ambition prevails in this unrestricted community. We are a people who are willing to give every hustler a lift upward, and no hustler can get too much office. For upward of two years we have been trying to work the present incumbent



"WHO IS THIS A-TALKIN' TO ME ANYHOW?"

best out and myself in, but all our efforts have resulted in failure. When we discovered that nothing could be done through the Harrison administration, we waited patiently for that of Cleveland, but our waiting has been in vain. The critter who is in seems secure in his place. On several occasions we have called the attention of the postmaster general to the manner in which our postoffice was run, and we have still another specimen to offer. We called at the office the other day to make a complaint about lost mail. The postmaster was sit-

ting with his feet cocked up on a mailbag and one of our eastern exchanges in his hand. We had scarcely entered the place when he yelled:

"What yer want here?"

We are a courteous crew by instinct and cultivation, and there was no pizen in our voice as we stated our errand. Before we had half finished he pounded the mailbag with his hoof and shouted:

"Who is this a-talkin' to me anyhow?"

The knockknock, swivel jointed critter cater to pretend not to know us, when we have shot him twice and licked him three times during the last three years! We began to get red behind the ears, but we had our dignity to maintain and proceeded to restate the object of our call. He listened to us for half a minute and then jumped up and ordered us out of the office. If the miserable critter had any idea that his pulling a gun on us would hasten our exit or abate one jot of our dignity, he discovered his mistake. We backed out certainly. A gentleman should be able to back out as well as a mule. The man who won't back with the muzzle of a revolver looking at the end of his Spanish nose has saved just in his head. Our exit was as near Chesterfieldian as could be looked for under the circumstances, and we have nothing to regret in that direction. It took us about seven minutes to go to the office, buckle on our guns and return, but we could find nothing to shoot. The postmaster had hidden his rifle, and we have failed to get sight of him to date. Although we want to be postmaster, we are not biased on that account. Our complaint is the complaint of all others. It is said that the critter was appointed because of his being related to a cabinet officer, but any cabinet officer who would admit the tie ought to be run over by a herd of a thousand mules. He is not only a postmaster who can barely read and write, but has no social standing and plays the poorest game of poker of any official of the last administration. If overbearing in his manner to our home people, his conduct toward strangers is simply outrageous. A couple of weeks ago a New England preacher who was on his vacation struck the town and called at the postoffice for mail which he was certain had reached it. The postmaster was playing poker with Blackfoot Jim and yelled at the preacher to get out. The poor man was half scared to death and didn't know what to do when he called at THE KICKER office. We lent him our guns and coached him on what to do, and he returned to the office, brought both shooters to bear on the postmaster and demanded his mail. He not only got six letters belonging to him, but a dozen directed to other people, and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes as he returned our weapons.

It seems to be the general feeling among our citizens that we ought to shoot the postmaster again, and shoot him more fatally than ever before, but we would rather avoid trouble of that kind. So long as it is known that we hanker for his place it might look as if we shot him to create a vacancy for our benefit. However, we shall give the matter our serious consideration.

If he won't resign and return to mule whacking, and if the postmaster general continues to be blind to the interests of his department, something will be done by somebody, and it will very likely result in a six back funeral procession.

OPENING HIS EYES.

A Test That Decided the Old Man to Stay Single.

As I sat on the tavern veranda I noticed an old white headed colored man limping down the street with painful effort. When he came opposite me, he took off his hat and asked:

"Boss, kin I cum up dar an spoke to yo' a minit?"

"Of course you can. What is it?"

"Dey's a dispute 'bout my aige," he replied as he rested his chair and fell into it. "Dar's sartin pussions in dis town who say

"I ar' more'n a hundred y'ars ole, while I say I ain't a day ober fo'ty. Dey say yo' was a stranger heah, an I dun cum down to ask yo' 'bout it."

"Does it make any particular difference what your age is?" I asked.

"Dat's de pint, sah. I ar' thinkin some 'bout gittin married agin, but sartin pussions am dun blowin aroun dat I'z got boaf feet in de grave."

"How old is the woman you have your eye on?"

"'Bout 16, I reckon, an one of de nicest gals yo' ever saw. Dey's blowed so much 'bout my aige dat she's dun got scart. Will yo' please tell me jest how ole yo' reckon I ar'?"

He hadn't over three teeth in his head and was tottering with old age, but I didn't want to be too hard on him. I reached out my cane to another chair and rested the end about a foot from the floor and said:

"A man under 60 years of age ought to be able to jump over that cane."

"Of co'se he had," was the prompt reply. "An I'll go ober it like a rabbit ober a log. Now, den, look out!"

He got up, swung his shriveled arms and made a try at it, but as his feet left the floor he came down with a great jar and lay at full length. I helped him up and back into the chair, and his face wore a dubious expression for a couple of minutes as he rubbed away at his back. By and by he said:

"Boss, I reckon boaf sides hev bin mistook 'bout my aige. I was mistook in thinkin I wuz ober fo'ty, and dey was mistook in sayin I was ober 100. Reckon I'll split de difference."

"And call yourself about 80?"

"'Bout 80, sah. 'Bout 70 or 80."

"And also give up the idea of marrying a girl of 16?"

"Yes, sah; I reckon I will. I'll gin up dat idea an look a little farder—look fur some gal 'bout 20 or long dar. Glad I come down, sah. I was a little sc'rt 'bout my aige, but dat jumpin bizness has opened my eyes. Fo' de lawd, sah, but I was gwine out to see dat gal today, an I had it all planned to tackle a six foot fence in front of her daddy's house to show her dat I had

de spryness of a nigger 20 y'ars ole! Hui! Dat cane wazn't a foot high, but whar am I at?"

NO USE FOR A CANDIDATE.

He Didn't Fulfill the Requirements, and They Wouldn't Have Him.

In the stage was a General Green, who was going over to Ellsworth to hold a political meeting. When about 10 miles from the town, we were met by a delegation of citizens mounted on horseback. The chairman of the delegation was a man who proudly carried the title of Death Shot Sam, and as soon as the stage had come to a halt he asked of the driver:

"Hev you got a critter aboard who calls hisself General Green or sunthin or other?"

"I am General Green," replied that individual as he got down. "This is a delegation, I take it?"

"Kerect, general. This are a delegashun what has cum out to meet you and ax a few questions. In the first place, you want to be 'lected to the legislahur, we take it?"

"Well—ahem—I'm a candidate for state senator, I believe," replied the general.

"And you want our votes?"

"Why, yes."

"That's all plain shootin so far. Now, then, what sort of a man are you? Kin you ride a buckin broncho?"

"I've never tried."

"Kin you throw the lasso?"

"Never tried that, either."

"H'm! Ever killed anybody?"

"No."

"How high did you ever bluff on a small pair at poker?"

"I never played a game of poker in my life."

"Look a-here, general," continued the man as the blandness faded out of his face, "when you lieker, do you call up the boys or drink alone?"

"It is very seldom that I indulge," replied the candidate.

"If a fellow called you a liar, how quick could you draw?"

"Draw what?"

"Your guns, of course. Nobody out this way hain't time to draw an ax after being called a liar!"

"I-I never carry a pistol," answered the colonel, with a puzzled look at the crowd taking up the conversation.

"H'm! General, what are you doin over this way?"

"I came to address a meeting."

"Yes, I reckon you did, but what are you goin to say to the boys?"

"Why, I'll talk on various subjects of interest."

"No you won't, general—not if you want to live to get out o' town! That's what this delegashun cum out yere fur—to feel around and to tell you what not to do. I can't figure out how any of us hev got any use fur you. You can't ride, shoot, play poker, git drunk, bluff the town marshal nor set up the chain lightning fur a thirsty crowd. You've rid over to make a speech, and they're goin to light the ball with 30 candles, but don't take no chances. You jest begin them remarks with 'Dan'l in the lions' den' and end 'em with the battle of Waterloo, and you keep it in mind that if the boys git tired before you do they'll shoot out all the candles and then blaze away at you!"

General Green reflected for awhile and then decided not to go on to Ellsworth, but to return by the other stage. When he made this decision known to the delegation, Death Shot Sam replied:

"All right, general—all right. I was goin to say if you wasn't purty well posted on Dan'l and Waterloo the boys might snuff you out fast and begin on the candles arterwards. Delegashun—right face! Forward—git!"

M. QUAD.

The Adve Tuing

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hoods pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry and Silverware,

FRED WOLTMAN'S

1807 SECOND AVENUE.

Special attention to repairing fine watches.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Card, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. I recommend it as a superior remedy for all the good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as a superior remedy for all the good effect upon their children."

H. A. Anson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria and although we only have a few medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Pres., The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

THE MOLINE WAGON, MOLINE, ILLS.

The Moline Wagon Co.,



Manufacturers of FARM, SPRING AND FREIGHT WAGONS.

A full and complete line of Platform and other Spring Wagons, especially adapted to the Western trade, of superior workmanship and finish. Illustrated Price List free on application. See the MOLINE WAGON before purchasing.

HOPPE, THE TAILOR,

1803 Second Avenue.

THE NEW City 'Bus and Express Line.

Telephone Rock Island or Harper Hotels for 'bus or express wagon and you will receive prompt attention.

TIMBERLAKE & SPENCER, Props.

DAVIS CO.

Heating and Ventilating Engineers. Gas and Steam Fitting, SANITARY PLUMBING.

A complete line of Pipe, Brass Goods, Packing Hose, Fire Brick Etc. Largest and best equipped establishment west of Chicago.

DAVIS BROS. Moline, Ill. 112. 114 West Seventeenth St. Telephone 2053. Telephone 1143. Rock Island.

Residence Telephone 1169

B. F. DeGEAR, Contractor and Builder.

Office and Shop 225 Eighteenth Street

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.